

One For Sorrow, Two For Mirth

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One For Sorrow, Two For Mirth

by [AllAporde \(Bordementions\)](#)

Summary

Comforting your trainee in the worst way possible

Notes

Uhm

I am SO sorry if you read this like im really sorry so yknow NOT too much on me. Anyways I'm more recently getting into Ayabe, went through her career and im watching rttt right now. Definitely like the character a lot and she has a lot of angst potential. If it's ooc well yknow im working on it BUT FEEL FREE TO GIVE ME TIPS ON AYABE

This is a character I think I really want to dive deeper into so I can learn how to write her better and I'm not gonna lie THIS SHIT IS HARD

I don't think I'm exactly qualified to make or assume I can make accurate depictions of mental illnesses or characters who have them without too much information/knowledge on how to.

Please feel free to reach out and talk to me on any platform or social! I promise I'm friendly and I don't bite so hard I'll rip your foreskin off. I pinky swear. I like having moots to talk about fics and ideas and characters about.

Anyways ayabe should fuck me hard and then feel really bad about it

I am normal

Credit to Vynn for the idea ehe

If you want to be a worse person and hang out with a bunch of other terrible people who goon to misery porn of their favorite characters, or just goon in general come check out the server

Ignore the server name and image it's not only about feet I swear to god

<https://discord.gg/XqJzJ6ByTz>

See the end of the work for [more notes](#)

You checked your phone for the upteenth time in the last ten minutes, scrolling back to the message that had arrived like a sudden comet in your inbox.

"If you have time today, please come to my room. I want you to be here."

Brief. Pointed. Exactly like her. You hadn't hesitated, clearing your entire schedule and ignoring the pile of training logs on your desk. Ayabe—your own trainee—had actually asked for you. You weren't even entirely sure you were interpreting it correctly from how wrong it felt.

But of course you ran all the same, across the parking lot, across the grass, the winding pathways. As fast as you could, if it meant even for a moment that she needed you.

When you reached the dormitory marked with her name, your heart hammered against your ribs, a mix of genuine concern and that nagging, sensitive ache you always felt when she was involved. You took a breath, smoothed your blazer out the best you could, and knocked softly.

"A-Ayabe? It's me. I'm here."

There was a long beat of silence, then the click of a lock. The door swung open, and Ayabe peaked around the side of the door. Even though she was slender compared to some of the more powerhouse racers at Tracen, she still loomed over you, her ears twitching slightly as her pink eyes settled on your face.

"You're early," she said, her voice low, almost challenging.

"I came as quickly as I could," you admitted, offering a small, tentative smile. "When I got your text, I... I was worried, but mostly I was just happy you reached out. I even took the rest of the day off so we don't have to worry about the clock."

Ayabe tilted her head, her expression unreadable. She looked at you with an intensity that made you feel like she was counting your heartbeats, her gaze lingering a second too long on the way you were fidgeting with your sleeves. It was a strange, heavy look—not quite the usual coldness, but something... it didn't matter.

"You took the day off? Just for this?" She stepped back, pulling the

door wider to invite you into her place.

"O-of course," you said, trying to keep your voice light despite the knot of worry in your chest. "I wanted to make sure that whatever you needed, I could give you my full attention. Anything, really."

She didn't return the smile. Instead, she stepped back more as you entered, closing it right behind you. The room felt heavy, the curtains drawn halfway to block out the encroaching morning sun. Ayabe moved to the small couch, her movements stiff, almost robotic. She sat on the far edge, her hands clasped so tightly in her lap that her knuckles were white.

"Sit. Please," she said, her voice trembling just barely enough for your sensitive ears to catch it.

You sat at the other end of the cushions, giving her space. You could see her throat work as she swallowed hard, her gaze slowly moving around the room—anywhere but at you. She looked haunted, even more so than usual, a deep cloak of guilt seemingly weighing down her shoulders.

"Trainer," she started, her voice a fragile thread. "Do you... do you truly believe in me? Not just as a racer. Not just as a tool, but as... me."

"Of course I do," you said instantly, leaning forward. "Ayabe, I've told you this. I believe in you. I believe in your heart, no matter what."

"And you would... you would do anything to help me? Even if I didn't deserve it?" She finally looked at you, and the raw desperation in her eyes made your heart ache. She was fishing for something, a validation for a debt she felt she could never pay. "If I asked something of you... something that wasn't about training... would you still be there?"

"I'm your trainer, Ayabe. I'm your friend. Whatever you need to ease that burden you carry, I'll do it." You couldn't help yourself. Seeing her so broken, so isolated in her own head, you slid across the fabric of the couch. You reached out, tentatively taking her large, trembling hands in your much smaller ones.

It was a breach of the professional veil—a trainer holding the hands of her trainee in a dorm room—but you didn't care. You wanted to helper. Her skin was cool, her grip suddenly spasmodic as she felt your touch.

"Ah," she whispered, her eyes welling with a confused, bitter sort of conflict. "Why?"

"Ayabe, look at me," you urged softly. "I'm here because I want to be."

Her grip tightened, almost painfully, her strength leaking through her distress. She seemed to reach a breaking point, a moment where the silence of the room and the weight became too much to bear alone. Given the circumstances necessary to push against the block in her head.

"Then... would you mind if we went a bit further?" she breathed.

You blinked, your head tilting. "Further? Ayabe, what do you mean? If you want to talk about something, or if you want to—"

"No," she interrupted, her voice cracking. Her other hand moved slowly, cupping the side of your face. Her palm felt immense against your cheek, her thumb brushing your temple. "I don't want to talk anymore. I want to feel... you."

She began to lean in, slowly yet so very surely. You felt a surge of panic—this was the line. This was the boundary that was never supposed to be crossed. "Ayabe, wait," you whispered, your breath hitching. "A-Are you sure? You're clearly hurting right now... I don't want you to do something you'll regret later. You might not be thinking straight."

She paused, her face inches from yours. You could see the individual lashes around her irises, the slight quiver of her lips. "I... I am certain," she whispered.

She didn't wait for another protest. She tilted your head back slightly and pressed her lips to yours.

It was clumsy. It tasted... bad. Your first instinct was to pull away, the "Trainer" part of your brain screaming about all the consequences, but then you felt the way she was shaking—the way she was clinging to you.

You already knew it wasn't about romance, not about the intent of performing such a forbidden act, surely not... with you.

It was a way to drown out the voices in her head, a way to force them down.

Slowly, your eyes fluttered shut. You let out a small, defeated sigh against her mouth and relaxed into the touch, allowing her to pull you into her orbit.

The space between you was lacking, the oxygen seemingly sucked out by the sheer, crushing weight of Ayabe's desperation. As she pulled back for a fraction of a second, you saw it—the look in her eyes wasn't passion. It was a hollow, frantic misery staring right back at you. She looked as though she were committing a crime and hating herself for it, yet she lunged back in, her mouth pressing against yours with an urgency that bruised.

"Ayabe... please, we don't have to do this," you whispered against her lips, your voice trembling. Your heart was thundering, not with excitement, but with a profound, aching unease. You felt like you were watching her drown, and doing nothing but giving her the means to drag herself deeper.

She didn't answer. Her ears were pressed down, and her breath was coming in ragged, shallow hitches. She began to fumble with the buttons of your blazer, her hands shaking so violently that the fabric was straining. You reached up, covering her hands with yours, trying to slow her down, to bring her back to the present.

"It's okay," you murmured, forcing a warmth into your voice that you didn't fully feel. "I'm right here. You're not alone, Ayabe. I'm not going anywhere."

You tried to catch her gaze, to offer the emotional intimacy you knew she was lacking, but she pointedly looked past you, her eyes fixed on some distant, dark corner of the room. She was stripping you with a mechanical, joyless efficiency, and soon her own racing jacket was discarded on the floor, leaving her in the thin, revealing layers of her underwear that emphasized her lean, rib-prominent body. She looked fragile, despite her height—like a porcelain statue.

As she pushed you back against the cushions, her weight settling over you, you reached out to stroke her hair. You wanted to give her anything, anything at all to let her know she was seen. "I love how hard you work, Ayabe. I see everything you do. You're enough... you're more than enough, I hope you know that."

You were trying to build a bridge of words, but she remained a silent fortress. She didn't acknowledge your praise; she didn't even seem to hear it. Instead, she let out a choked, dry sob that didn't result in

tears, holding onto you tight.

She began to tug at the rest of your clothes, her skin was burning hot against yours. You knew it was only going to get worse from here if you let it.

It was a coping mechanism in its rawest, ugliest form—an attempt to use a physical sensation to numb the rot of whatever was going on inside.

"If this is what you need..." you whispered, closing your eyes and letting your head fall back. You felt a tear prick at the corner of your own eye, born of a devastating empathy. "If this helps the pain, then I'm here. I won't leave you."

"Okay."

She gripped your shoulders, her blunt nails digging into your skin through the last of your layers. Giving hardly a response worthy of the setting.

As the last of your clothes were cast aside, the more and more the reality of the situation settled over you like a shroud. Ayabe stood over you for a moment, her long, lean body silhouetted against the dim light, skin shimmering with a cold sweat. She looked like she was about ready to scream.

"Ayabe, please, look at me," you pleaded, your voice small. You felt exposed, not just physically, but emotionally. "Doing this... it won't wash away the things you're feeling. It's not a vacuum, it won't suck the guilt out. We can just hold each other if that's better. We can just stay like this. I promise it's okay..."

She finally locked eyes with you, and the sheer amount of self-loathing swirling in there nearly choked you. Her lip curled, not in anger at you, but in a savage disgust for herself. "You said..." she rasped, her voice cracking like dry earth. "You said you would do anything. That you were here for me. This is what I want. I want to... do this with you. Please?"

There was no joy in her request, only a grim, desperate transaction. When you didn't immediately move, she hovered over you, her large hands pinning your wrists to the couch cushions.

"I want to do this with you too," you whispered, a tear finally escaping and hot-tracking down your temple, but giving the best smile you

could manage. "I promise."

You braced yourself, trying to find a way to accommodate her. Being an Uma Musume, her length was as near daunting as her height, and the positioning on the narrow dorm couch was awkward.

When she finally pushed herself into you, a sharp gasp left your lungs. It wasn't the seamless, romantic union you might have thought of now and again; it was painful, heavy and blunt in a way that made your hips ache and your abdomen feel numb.

She began to move, her rhythm jagged and unyielding. There was no finesse, only a driving, obsessive need for friction. You reached up, your fingers tracing the star-shaped ornaments at the base of her ears, trying to pull her down for a kiss, trying to find some semblance of the girl you trained every morning.

"Ayabe... come here," you breathed, your voice strained as you adjusted to her size. "J-just ngh.... You're doing... so well..."

She didn't respond. She didn't even close her eyes. She stared straight ahead, over your shoulder, as if watching a phantom in the corner of the room. Every time you tried to ground her with an affirmation or a loving touch, she seemed to retreat further into her own mental fortress.

The pace grew rougher. Her grip moving to your shoulders, where it tightened until it bruised, her strength making every thrust an impact that sent sparks across your vision. The couch creaked under the combined weight of your bodies.

"Ayabe, wait—you're hurting me a little. Just ease up, please," you whimpered, your hands fluttering against her chest.

She didn't slow down. If anything, she pressed harder, her teeth gritted so tight you could hear them grinding. She wasn't ignoring you out of malice; she was simply gone, lost in a sea of stars and shadows where your voice couldn't reach.

You stopped asking her to stop. You simply wrapped your arms around her neck, pulling her heavy, sweating body as close as possible, continuing to try and whisper into her ear even if she refused to hear it.

Her long, athletic frame began trembling with a tension that had nothing to do with pleasure. You felt small, fragile, and utterly lost

beneath her, your body aching from the strain of it.

Then, she stopped. Not entirely—she was still buried deep inside you—but she stilled, her hands trembling where they were braced beside your head. She looked down at you, her eyes blown wide, shimmering with a sudden, terrifying lucidity.

"Trainer..." she rasped, her voice cracking. She leaned down, her hot breath ghosting over your ear, her lips brushing the skin in a way that made your blood run cold. "Call me... call me 'Big Sister.' Please."

You froze, your heart skipping a beat. "Ayabe? What are you—"

"Don't call me that," she hissed, a flash of pure, unadulterated agony crossing her face. "Not right now. Just... tell me you love me. Tell me you're here, and you don't hate me for being the one who lived. Act like... like you're my sister. Please, I can't... I can't do this if it's just me."

Your stomach twisted in a knot of pure, nauseating dread. This was it—the heart of the issue. She wasn't trying to find pleasure; she was trying to manifest a ghost, to turn this act of intimacy into some kind of absolution. Every instinct told you to stop, to pull away and tell her how unhealthy this was, but when you looked up and saw the sheer, soul-shattering desperation in her eyes, your resolve crumbled. You were a trainer, and you had promised to carry her burdens. Even the ones that were black and twisted.

"It's okay... Big Sister," you whispered, the words tasting disgusting in your mouth. You reached up, cupping her face, forcing yourself to look past "you" and into the role she needed. "I'm right here. I've always been right here with you."

The change in her was instantaneous and violent. A choked, sobbing sound escaped her throat, and she collapsed forward, burying her face in your neck. Her movements changed—the roughness vanished, replaced by a devastatingly tender, protective heat. She began to move again, but it was different; she was focusing on you now, her large hands sliding beneath your back to lift you closer to her, as if she were trying to merge your two bodies into one.

"I'm sorry," she whimpered into your skin, her voice fragile and broken. "I'm so sorry I took it all. Your light, your air... your legs. Do you hate me? Please tell me you don't hate me."

"I could never hate you," you replied, your voice shaking as you

leaned into the lie for her sake. You felt her tears finally falling, hot and fast against your collarbone. "I'm happy it was you, Sis. I want you to run for both of us."

She let out a long, shuddering moan, her pace quickening but remaining focused on your comfort, her body finally relaxing its iron-hard tension. She began to kiss you—not the desperate, bruising collisions from before, but soft, lingering traces over your cheeks and brow.

"I'll give you everything," she promised, her voice hitching with every thrust. "Every win, every breath... I'll dedicate it all to you. Just stay. Don't go back into the dark yet."

You held her tight, your legs wrapping around her waist to keep her in, feeling the heartbreaking irony of the situation. You were giving her the comfort she had denied herself for years, but you were doing it by pretending to be a dead girl. As she moved above you, finally finding a rhythm that felt like a release of years of pent-up mourning, you simply stroked her ears and let her weep into you, playing the part of the sister she never got to hold.

The air in the room grew humid and heavy, thick with the scent of exertion and the bitter tang of a grief that had finally found a physical outlet.

It felt... fuck it felt good.

Every buck of her hips having become something fluid and terrifyingly intense. She was no longer looking at you; her head was turned away, her neck arched as she focused entirely on the sound of your voice—the voice of the ghost she had summoned.

"Haah... Sis," you whispered, your heart breaking with every syllable. Each word felt like a betrayal of your own identity, but seeing her finally unravel made it impossible to stop. "M-more... please... you feel... so good. I..."

You weren't sure how much you should say, how much she wanted to hear. But you... you couldn't stop yourself. You wanted to do more, as much as you could.

"I... mmhgh... I love you..."

Intentionally or not, you let it slip out.

A low, guttural sound came from in her chest. She began to drive into you with a final, desperate strength, her long legs bracing against the floor as she pinned you deep into the couch cushions. The sheer power of her was overwhelming, her athletic body working with a singular, obsessive focus. She wasn't just chasing a climax; she was chasing an ending—an end to the silence, an end to the haunting.

"I love you too... I love you so much... stay... please, stay..." she gasped, her voice barely a whisper.

When the end came, it was violent. Ayabe stiffened, her fingers digging into the upholstery of the couch as she let out a sharp, choked cry that sounded more painful than anything. You felt the hot, pulsing surge of her climax filling you, an instant, stark reminder of just how far you had let this go. She collapsed forward immediately, her full weight crushing you into the furniture.

She didn't withdraw. She stayed buried deep inside you, her body trembling with the aftershocks of a breakdown.

She began to sob. It wasn't the quiet, measured crying of someone seeking sympathy; it was the raw, ugly wailing of a soul that had been holding its breath for years. She wrapped her arms around you, squeezing so tight you could feel the air leaving your lungs, her face buried in the crook of your neck.

"I'm sorry... I'm so sorry," she wailed, the words muffled by your skin. "I shouldn't have... I'm a monster... I'm a monster for taking everything... please forgive me."

"Shh," you cooed, your hands finding the soft fur of her ears, stroking them with a rhythmic, slow pressure despite the hollow, sick feeling in your own gut. You felt used, emotionally drained, and deeply disturbed by the roleplay, but you couldn't abandon her now. Not when she was this fragile. "You're not a monster, Big Sister. You're allowed to make mistakes. You're allowed to feel. You're allowed to be held."

"Don't leave," she begged, her tail twitching erratically against your legs. "Please, just for a little longer... tell me you're proud of me. Tell me I'm allowed to keep running."

"I'm so proud of you," you lied, your voice steady and warm, even as your eyes stared blankly at the ceiling. "I love watching you run. Every step you take is for us. I'm always watching, Ayabe... I'm always right there."

The sound of her own name seemed to act like a sedative. Slowly, her racking sobs began to subside into long, shuddering breaths. She clung to you, her heart beating a frantic, rapid rhythm against your own, her grip slowly loosening from a crush to a desperate, needy embrace. For a long time, the only sound in the room was the ticking of the clock and the soft, repetitive motion of your hand petting her hair.

The silence that followed her release was short-lived, replaced by a sudden, jarring clarity. Ayabe pushed herself up on trembling arms, her hair matted with sweat, her eyes unfocused as she looked down at the site of your connection.

The sight was gruesome. Between the harshness of her size and the frantic, unyielding pace she had maintained, the evidence of her "prayer" was written all over the both of you. There was a sickening mixture of her spent release and the bright, copper smear of blood where her strength had simply been too much for your body to bear.

She stared at it. Her ears twitched violently, then flattened so hard against her hair they looked painful. A low, guttural sound of revulsion came from her throat. The realization hit her hard, harder than you were capable of believing.

The air in the room suddenly seemed to turn to poison. Ayabe's face went pale, a cold sweat breaking out across her brow. She lurched to the side, hanging over the edge of the couch, and retched violently. The sound of her vomiting was agonizing, a physical rejection of the comfort she had just tasted.

"Ayabe! Oh god, Ayabe, are you okay?" You scrambled to sit up, ignoring the sharp sting between your thighs, your only instinct to reach out and steady her. Your hand brushed her shoulder—

"DON'T TOUCH ME!"

She shrieked the words, a sound so loud and unlike her it felt like it could shatter the windows. She recoiled from your touch as if your skin were white-hot metal, scrambling off the couch and backing away until she hit the far wall. She looked at you with a terrified, wild-eyed loathing—not for you, but for the reflection of herself she saw in your worried eyes.

"It's okay... it's okay, Big Sister," you tried, your voice cracking as you desperately reached for the role that had calmed her only minutes ago. "Sis, just breathe, I'm right here—"

"STOP IT!" She screamed, clutching her head, her nails digging into her scalp. "Shut up! Don't... don't call me that!" Her voice broke into a hysterical sob. "I used you. I... I made you do that... just so I could feel clean for a second. GET OUT!"

She didn't wait for you to move. In a frenzy of self-hatred, she began grabbing your discarded clothes from the floor, her movements violent and erratic. She shoved the bundle of fabric into your arms, her chest heaving, her eyes darting toward the door as if she couldn't stand the sight of you being in the same air as her.

"Ayabe, please, I—"

"I SAID LEAVE!" She lunged forward, looming over you like a shadow of death. She grabbed your shoulders and physically hauled you toward the door. You were still half-naked, clutching your blazer and shirt to your chest, stumbling as she shoved you into the hallway.

"Wait, let's just talk—!"

The heavy door slammed shut in your face with a deafening crack. The lock clicked home with a finality that felt like a guillotine.

You stood in the empty, dim hallway of the Ritto Dorm, shivering and exposed, the silence of the corridor shattered by what came next. From behind the thick wood, a sound erupted that didn't even sound like Ayabe anymore. It was a harrowing, high-pitched scream of pure, unadulterated agony.

Then came the sobbing, loud, heavy wailing.

You pressed your forehead against the cold wood of the door, listening to her, knowing that the bridge you had tried to build was now nothing but ash.

End Notes

Ayabe feet drools

Works inspired by this one

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